

Troilus and Cressida.

Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder,
And there the straying Greekes, ripe for his edge,
Fall downe before him, like the mowers swath;
Here, there, and euery where, he leaues and takes;
Dexteritie so obaying appetite,
That what he will, he does, and does so much,
That prooffe is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Oh, courage, courage Princes: great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowzie blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noselesse, handlelesse, hackt and chipt, come to him;
Crying on *Hector*. *Aiax* hath lost a friend,
And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:
Roaring for *Troilus*; who hath done to day,
Mad and fantastick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himselfe,
With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care,
As if that luck in very spight of cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Aiax.

Aia. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*. *Exit.*

Dio. I, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face:
Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry.
Hector, wher's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*. *Exit.*

Enter Aiax.

Aia. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*, shew thy head.

Enter Diomed.

Diom. *Troilus*, I say, wher's *Troilus*?

Aia. What wouldst thou?

Diom. I would correct him.

Aia. Were I the Generall,

Thou shouldst haue my office,

Ere that correction: *Troilus* I say, what *Troilus*?

Enter Troilus.

Troy. Oh traitour *Diomed*!

Turne thy false face thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Aia. He fight with him alone, stand *Diomed*.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.

Troy. Come both you coging Greekes, haue at you

both. *Exit Troilus.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea *Troilus*? O well fought my yongest Brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now doe I see thee; haue at thee *Hector*.

Hect. Pause if thou wilt.

Achil. I doe disdaine thy curtesie, proud Trojan;

Be happy that my armes are out of vfe:

My rest and negligence befriends thee now,

But thou anon shalt heare of me againe:

Till when, goe seeke thy fortune. *Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well.

I would haue bene much more a fresher man,

Had I expected thee: how now my Brother?

Enter Troilus.

Troy. *Aiax* hath rane *Aeneas*; shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heauen,

He shall not carry him: Ile be rane too;

Or bring him off: Fate heare me what I say;

I wreake not, though thou end my life to day.

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greeke,

Thou art a goodly marke:

No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,

Ile frush it, and vnlocke the rivets all,

But Ile be maister of it: wilt thou not best abide?

Why then flye on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide.

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me you my *Myrmidons*:

Marke what I say; attend me where I wheele:

Strike not a stroake, but keepe your selues in breath;

And when I haue the bloody *Hector* found,

Empale him with your weapons round about:

In fellest maner execute your arme.

Follow me first, and my proceedings eye;

It is decreed, *Hector* the great must dye.

Enter Therites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther. The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it:

now bull, now dogge, lows; *Paris* lowe; now my doubt

ble hen'd sparrow; lowe *Paris*, lowe; the bull has the

game: ware hornes ho?

Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turne slaue and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Bast. A Bastard Sonne of *Priam*.

Ther. I am a Bastard too, I loue Bastards, I am a Ba-

stard begot, Bastard instructed, Bastard in minde, Bastard

in valour, in euery thing illegitimate: one Beare will not

bite another, and wherefore should one Bastard? take

heede, the quarrel's most ominous to vs: if the Sonne of a

whore fight for a whore, he tempts iudgement: farewell

Bastard.

Bast. The diuell take thee coward. *Exit.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core so faire without:

Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.

Now is my daies worke done; Ile take good breath:

Rest Sword, thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Looke *Hector* how the Sunne begins to set;

How vgly night comes breathing at his heeles,

Euen with the vaile and darking of the Sunne.

To close the day vp, *Hectors* life is done.

Hect. I am vnarm'd, forgoe this vantage Greeke.

Achil. Strike fellowes, strike, this is the man I seeke.

So Illion fall thou: now *Troy* sinke downe;

Here lyes thy heart, thy sinewes, and thy bone.

On *Myrmidons*, cry you all a maine,

Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* slaine. *Retreat.*

Harke, a retreat vpon our Grecian part.

Gree. The Trojan Trumpets sounds the like my Lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night ore-spreads the earth

And stickler-like the Armies seperates

My halfe supt Sword, that frankly would haue fed,

Pleas'd with this dainy bed; thus goes to bed.

Come, tye his body to my horses tayle;

Along the field, I will the Trojan traile. *Exit.*

Sound Retreat.

Enter Agamemnon, Aiax, Menelaus, Nestor,

Diomed, and the rest marching.

Ag. Harke, harke, what shout is that?

Nest. Peace Drums.

Sol. Achil.

Troilus and Cressida.

Sol. *Achilles*, *Achilles*, *Hector*'s slaine, *Achilles*.

Dio. The brute is, *Hector*'s slaine, and by *Achilles*.

Aia. If it be so, yet braglesse let it be:

Great *Hector* was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along; let one be sent

To pray *Achilles* see vs at our Tent.

If in his death the gods haue vs befrended,

Great *Troy* is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended.

Exeunt.

Enter Aeneas, Paris, Antenor and Deiphobus.

Aene. Stand hoe, yet are we maisters of the field,

Neuer goe home; here starue we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troy. *Hector* is slaine.

Al. *Hector*? the gods forbid.

Troy. Hee's dead: and at the murderers Horses taile,

In beastly sort, drag'd through the shamefull Field:

Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with speede:

Sit gods vpon your throanes, and smile at *Troy*.

I say at once, let your briefe plagues be mercy,

And linger not our sure destructions on.

Aene. My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Hoste.

Troy. You vnderstand me not, that tell me so:

I doe not speake of flight, of feare, of death,

But dare all imminence that gods and men,

Adresse their dangers in. *Hector* is gone:

Who shall tell *Priam* so? or *Hecuba*?

Let him that will a screechoule aye be call'd,

Goe in to *Troy*, and say there, *Hector*'s dead:

There is a word will *Priam* turne to stone;

Make wels, and *Niobes* of the maides and wiues;

Coolle statues of the youth: and in a word,

Scarre *Troy* out of it selfe. But march away,

Hector is dead: there is no more to say.

Stay yet: you vile abhominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight vpon our Phrygian plaines:
Let *Titan* rise as early as he dare,
Ile through, and through you; & thou great siz'd coward:
No space of Earth shall sunder our two hates,
Ile haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenies thoughts.
Strike a free march to *Troy*, with comfort goe:
Hope of reuenge, shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. But heare you? heare you?

Troy. Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and shame
Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name. *Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine aking bones: oh world,
world, world! thus is the poore agent dispisde: Oh trai-
tours and bawdes; how earnestly are you set aworke, and
how ill requited? why should our indeuour be so desir'd,
and the performance so loath'd? What Verse for it? what
instance for it? let me see.

Full merrily the humble Bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his hony, and his sting.
And being once subdu'd in armed taile,
Sweete hony, and sweete notes together faile.
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloathes;
As many as be here of *Panders* hall,
Your eyes halfe out, weepe out at *Pandar*'s fall:
Or if you cannot weepe, yet giue some grones;
Though not for me, yet for your aking bones:
Brethren and sisters of the hold-dore trade,
Some two months hence, my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my feare is this:
Some galled Goose of *Winchester* would hisse:
Till then, Ile sweare, and seeke about for eases;
And at that time bequeath you my diseases. *Exeunt.*

999

FINIS.

